

A
P O E M
TO THE
K I N G.

UPON

The Conclusion of the *P E A C E*.

*Janum Quirini clausit, & ordinem
Rectum, & regnanti fræna licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas
Et veteres revocavit artes.*

*Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
Eximet curas, ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
 cæsare terras.*

Hor.

By Matt. Morgan, L. L. D.

L O N D O N,

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.. ——— !

To ..

S^r. Joseph Tiley, K^t.

A Member of the Honourable *House of Commons*.

S I R,

THIS Poem upon the Conclusion of a Peace, which I am sure, You, with all great Patriots and true Englishmen, do heartily Congratulate, doth now solicit Your Acceptance as an Acknowledgment of the Friendship You have honour'd me with, and to express a gratefull Sense of those Obligations which have so particularly engag'd me to be

Your most Humble, and

Very Affectionate Servant,

Matt. Morgan.

..-!

A POEM

O N

The Conclusion of the *PEACE*.

Welcome, Great Sir, unto your *Albion's* Shore,
And now the Rocks are whiter than before.
An Artist once an Eagle did contrive,
Mov'd by such subtle Springs he seem'd alive:

This to salute an Emperor he brings,
And it did soar aloft on wooden Wings.
Architas now his second skill should prove,
And meet our peacefull Conqueror with a Dove.
So when *Germanicus* from his Conquests came,
Of which the swift fore-runner was his Fame:
The Seven Hills had an auspicious Day;
Rome was pour'd out to meet him on the way:
Of *Romulus* the whole Progeny of Sons,
Unto the chearfull Sight the Cripple runs;
In his Deliverer a Support doth find,
Of all, the most unhappy were the blind.
War doth, like *Proteus*, assume different Shapes,
In Conflagrations, Murders, and in Rapes:
With a whole Family doth kill the Sire,
Destroys the young ones, and the Nest doth fire;
The spoil of Cities, and the Country's growth
They sacrifice to their inhumane sloath.
In subterranean Vaults by fury led,
They like Jackals are Pyrates on the dead:
As Mezzo-tinto doth appear more bright,
'Cause mingled in it are the Shades of Night;

B

So

So Joy more vivid is that doth succeed
 Those mournfull Scenes from which we now are free'd:
 Afflicted *Europe* from the Earth doth rise,
 Where she so long had sat with blubber'd Eyes:
 Her with a Face neglected you might see,
 And Sorrow drest in loose *Destinée*;
 In Streams of Grief did bitterly lament,
 So many Worthies from her Bosom rent,
 By Death's unerring hand profusely slain,
 Who with their purple Wounds the Field did stain.
Nassau her primitive Complexion clears,
 With beauteous Sun-shine hath dry'd up her Tears.
 Brutes do by instinct love their nearest kin;
 Leopards won't tear another spotted Skin:
 The Tyrant of the Woods, the savage Boar,
 Doth not pollute his Tusks with mutual Gore;
 But fierce Mankind each other doth devour;
 Their Reason's Will, and Equity is Power:
 In hating one another they accord,
 And Right is measur'd by the longest Sword:
 They make Ragoufts of every captive part,
 They broil the Limbs, and roast the panting Heart.
 The Soldier now chews on the last Campaign,
 In Ruminat[i]on fights it o'er again,
 Boasts of his Wounds the Trophies of the War,
 Not quite heal'd up he bleeds from ev'ry Scar:
 Here the bold Horse a cannonading stood,
 And fill'd the deepest Trenches with their Blood:
 There closely press'd the reeling Troops did bend,
 And there *Nassau* did timely Succours send:
 Where Death the thickest flew he did appear,
 Was multiply'd and charg'd ev'ry where.
 So an old wither'd Mariner we hear,
 Whose Locks are all turn'd white with Age and Fear,
 Number the Rocks on which he oft was cast,
 And count the dangers of his Shipwracks past.
 Exalted high, a most prodigious Spout,
 On trembling Vessels pours a Deluge out:
 Just as some Rivers so impetuous are,
 They don't bring Tribute to the Sea but War:
 Now the vex'd Ocean shall be at ease,
 Your Trident mitigates the angry Seas.
 The Merchant whom experience doth refine,
 Scorch'd with the Calentures of the Torrid Line,

Unto

Unto the sooty, distant *Indies* rolls,
 And doth with mutual Commerce joyn the Poles.
 But now no sculking Privateers doe wait
 In treacherous Ambuscade to sink his Freight :
 The Winds impregnating his Canvas Wings,
 He brings home Riches which would ransom Kings.
 The *English* Spirits once were almost sunk,
 And with mistaken Loyalty were drunk :
 Some were corrupted with a Golden Shower
 To introduce an arbitrary Power ;
 They would not with the Fruit contented be,
 But as a Present they tore up the Tree :
 Asham'd we can't refell this just Reproach,
 That Jesuits all our Morals did debauch ;
 The Principles of our Religion gone,
 That we might theirs receive, that's next to none :
 These spiritual Buccaneers did profelyte
 Some silly Creatures with their daring Light ;
 Within their Pale the Rascal Deer did bring,
 Into the *Tyber* we our Offals fling.
 That was the time when glorious *Russel* fell,
 Mothers his Fate shall to their Children tell ;
 From future People shall extort a Tear,
 When they his dismal Tragedy shall hear.
Russel ! in all Accomplishments improv'd,
 Not *Alcibiades* was more belov'd ;
 Blest with a better Man no Land could be,
 He had his Valour from his Vices free :
 His Character was complaisant and brave,
 Polite as *Athens*, and like *Sparta*, grave ;
 As most enormous Murders they shall quote,
 Great *Russel's* Head, and pious *Essex* Throat :
 The Hell-hounds did a double Scent pursue,
 His reeking Blood did spill the others too ;
 Their generous Vertue as a Crime did tax,
 The Razor was a Prelude to the Ax :
 Our enterprizing Fierceness was curb'd down,
 By him who wore a soft luxurious Crown :
 By Heavens broad Commission you were sent,
 Our pall'd and languid Courage to ferment.
 You from our Swords scour'd th' inglorious Rust,
 And did in equal hands those Weapons trust :
 Which crops of Slaughter from the Field did reap,
Pelion of Bodies did on *Offa* heap :

Rang'd

Rang'd under such a wife and brave Command,
 Sea was our own before, and now the Land ;
 Like a rich Heiress *Flanders* was beset,
 The Rival her Consent by force would get :
 As some anticipate the Nuptial Bed,
 The Mistress first debauch'd they after wed :
 She of another is the fruitfull Bride,
 You did assert her to the lawfull side.
Lucretia to *Nassau* her self applies,
 Her Tears You did espouse, and vindicate her cries :
 You likewise do instruct our *British* Race,
 They Lines of Vertue by your Model trace :
 The Shafts of reasoning in vain are spent,
 Mankind is harden'd against argument :
 But great example sweetly doth entice,
 And with Attraction draws You from the Vice.
 A practis'd goodness no one can withstand,
 It is a sharp, tho' silent Reprimand.
 The Male-contented Wretches now are crost,
 And curse their rashness in their Wagers lost ;
 Against their Country's safety they did lay,
 Which they of foreign Power would make a Prey :
 But now they whisper in an humble Tone,
 And let them in the Gallies row alone :
 Ty'd down in servile Chains there let them be,
 Whilst great *Flaminius* hath proclaim'd us free :
 They all are sow'd with a malicious Leaven,
 As Giants once, now Pigmies do brave Heaven :
 For this is such a strange, anomolous Race,
Africk it self these Monsters would disgrace.
 So *Titus* did *Jerusalem* besiege,
 The Enemies he conquer'd did oblige.
 He, like Great *William*, was Mankind's Delight,
 And equally their Terror in a Fight :
 The Temple of it's Ornaments bereft,
 His Pity mov'd, the tender Hero wept :
 When the rude Soldiers he could not with-hold,
 His Eyes did flow like to the melted Gold,
 Which in a glittering Inundation pours
 From Cedar-roofs, and the rich massy Doors.
 In vain, the *Romans* batt'ring Rams did use,
 So obstinate was the Courage of the *Jews*.
 They gnaw'd their Bowels out, the City falls
 By the Seditions within the Walls.

You Sir, the genuine Antidote have found,
 And crush'd the mutinous Viper on the Wound :
 What Foes are left, impartially are blest,
 Involv'd in common safety with the rest.
 The Seasons of the Year your Peace adorn,
Pomona brings you Fruit, and *Ceres* Corn, ... }
 And *Amalthea* pours a liberal Horn ;
Chlio doth tune her long-neglected Strings,
 And every Muse a gratefull Offering brings.
 War but from them remov'd was very loud,
 Like Thunder roaring in a foreign Cloud :
 Whilst the thick Vellies dark the Heavens made,
 They liv'd secure, protected by the shade :
 Fatigues of War did rest to them afford,
 Their Paradise was guarded by your Sword :
 So of *Bermudaes* the delicious Isle,
 Where Heaven with intimate regards doth smile,
 An healthfull and unclouded Air doth boast,
 With dreadfull Lightning all about the Coast :
 In Gardens polite *Italy* doth delight,
 Where there are Labyrinths which amuse the Sight ;
 All the Parterres with curious Statues full,
 A well wrought *Hercules* and *Farnese's* Bull :
 There they the flowing Element constrain,
 And forcing puts the Water-Nymphs to pain :
 The arch'd *Jettaus* do there transversly play,
 And through the middle there's a verdant way.
 To quench the Sun they a moist refuge get,
 And in a Crystal Arbor are not wet.
 So though with You despotick Death did rule,
 Under those Showers of Blood we still were cool.
 Who, Sir, can justly celebrate Your Worth,
 Who brought us Peace, not Tempests from the North ?
 The learned *Rudbeck* now the more we prize,
 Who affirm'd *Sweden* to be Paradise.
 The Lots are cast out of a Funeral Urn,
 The Mediator for his King doth mourn.
 Just so the wat'ry Rain-bow doth appear,
 It Sun-shine is refracted in a Tear.
Gustavus Race made his Extraction great,
 As did his Mother's *Holstien* Goodness sweet :
 This posthumous Work the Monarch doth survive,
Archives of time shall keep his Fame alive.
 Some barbarous Subjects do their Prince engage,
 That he'll ensure them from a Tempest's rage ;

In morose Showers that Heaven shall never frown,
 Fair Weather is the tenure of his Crown :
 Some on the contrary their words perform,
 And their whole Reign is a perpetual Storm.
 You all our future days shall make serene,
 And not a Cloud shall interpose between.
 Some Princes do from humane sight withdraw,
 That being seldom seen may strike an awe.
 There they're confin'd unto a close retreat,
 And call Obscurity the being great.
 Tho' Nature some hath so augustly made,
 They cannot be conceal'd in Masquerade :
 For the imperial Lustre of their Eyes
 Darts strictures thro' the best contriv'd Disguise.
 The oftner we our Monarch do enjoy,
 The pleasure is not trite, nor doth it cloy.
 In Your appearance there is fresh delight,
 And still our Love encreaseth with the sight.
 The *Russian* Duke did travell from afar,
 Led by the influence of his Northern Star;
 That he great *Britain's* Genius might view,
 And pay an Homage to his Courage due :
 The presence of *Nassau* when near he came,
 Did not diminish but augment his Fame :
 You made his manners warlike and polite,
 He learn'd from you how to converse and fight.
 Great Spirits are by close engagements ty'd,
 And by a secret Sympathy ally'd.
 To a magnetick Centre union tends,
 And mighty Princes at first sight are Friends.
 The *Czar* by Proxy carries on a War,
 And in his absence is a Conqueror :
 So that two different Joys we mingled see,
 Of healing Peace, and bloody Victory.
 And this young *Tamerlain* with his martial rage
 Shall put the *Ottoman* Empire in a cage :
 As *Tomyris* who was in *Scythia* bred,
 Drench'd in deep Blood the *Persian* Tyrant's head.
 Aspirers in their own Intrigues are caught,
 Lost in the Wilderness of boundless Thought :
 On the Meridian-line, like wild fire run,
 They cross the *Hellepont* and *Rubicon* :
 Then they wind up, and they will act no more,
 And this they might as well have done before :

Who

Who can Ambition in true Colours paint ?
 To follow all its turns the Pen would faint :
 Like a fierce Horse with a licentious Rein ;
 No Aires of manage can his speed restrain ;
 Begotten by the Wind away he flies,
 And throws his Rider down the Precipice ;
 The Quarry struck upon the ground doth lie,
 The fall as vile as once its flight was high ;
 Like a sharp Jilt that a young Heir would catch,
 She stoops at last to an ignoble Match :
 Projects like Eastern Locusts still abound,
 These Insects cover and destroy the ground,
 Like those who dance in a convulsive round. }
 The Nerves, where the pernicious Venom's spread,
 Do twist them in a circle till they're dead.
 Your Pique of Honour doth with temper beat
 'Tis regular health and not a feav'rish heat ;
 Of other's safety the bright Guardian made,
 You always did preserve and not invade.
 You by propitious Heaven were design'd,
 Both to deliver and oblige Mankind, }
 To take off Fetters, and in softer bind.
 When led by you even timorous Men would dare,
 For you with them do equal danger share.
 So *Julius* from pleading at the Bar,
 Was an *Adeptus* in the art of War :
 At *Munda* 'twas a peremptory strife,
 He fought not for his Honour but his Life :
 He did his *Romans* Fellow-Soldiers call,
 Then they afresh on *Pompey's* Sons did fall :
 The rally'd Eagles gorg'd upon their Prey,
 And the tenth Legion show'd the rest the way.
Augustus, Sir, was a faint type of You,
 For you *Octavius* did far out-do :
 You by Your Merit did to Empire come,
 Your *Boyne* exceeded far his *Actium*.
Mark Anthony was by Amour betray'd,
 And *Cleopatra* him a Coward made :
 His Mistress to his Honour did preferr,
 And left the world behind to follow her.
 They err, who think the Globe was over-run,
 By the *Pelleian* Youth of *Macedon* :
 He was the Darling of capricious Fate,
 And rashness only made him fortunate.

Darius furnish'd out a pompous Sight,
 It was a Pageantry and not a Fight.
 That War no Triumph merited to slay,
 All those effeminate Troops at *Arbela* ;
 People so weak, they could not stand a blow,
 The Phalanx then broke in and spoil'd the show.
 But when great *William* enter'd in the List,
 He found an Enemy that could resist ;
 Acquir'd and native Courage made them bold,
 Under their Shells, like Tortoises grown old.
Nassau with Stratagem did counter-mine,
 The fineness of each politick Design :
 With *Personal* Valour on his Foes he runs,
 And scorns the modern Cowardice of Guns :
 This an *ex tempore* Destruction brings,
 'Tis the last reason of contending Kings.
Aratus daring only was by night,
 Your genuine Conquests can endure the Light :
 He like the Ghosts he made, did glide away,
 At the first pointing of approaching day.
 You did with Rays as bright confront the Sun ;
 He, when You fought, took pleasure to look on :
 Dangers betimes upon Your Life did seize,
 It scarce had the variety of ease.
 Troubles, like Waves, push'd one another on,
 Without a Gap of Intermission.
 The *Indian* Fig-tree thus doth largely spread,
 From a small root obtains a mighty head :
 Branches from thence hang down upon the earth,
 And there are quicken'd with a second Birth :
 So it immensely multiply'd they see,
 And a whole Wood springs from a single Tree.
 VVhat you intend no Augury can divine,
 Nothing grows loose, the Cement is so fine :
 Only weak Spirits their designs expose,
 The Folds of Yours are intricate and close.
 Symptoms of *Maladies* attack the Man,
 These avaunt *Couriers* do lead the Van :
 VVith velitary Arms they first begin,
 Pickere and skirmish in the outward Skin.
 These previous warnings do engage our care,
 That we against *Hostilities* may prepare ;
 In Ambuscade but some distempers lie,
 'Tis Death, there is no room for Victory.

The fatal Indications then appear,
 When You're past hopes, and no relief is near:
 So wise concerted measures are displaid,
 When you are destitute of humane aid:
 In loose Harangue and voluble Discourse,
 There is no Energy of Nerves nor Force:
 Tho' You the *tympanum* with attention strain,
 And sift the Sand, there's not one tempting Grain.
 So ductile Gold drawn out into a length,
 Preserves its Colour but doth lose its Strength.
 The precious Oar Your accurate Art refines,
 And in a weighty, solid mass it shines:
 There's nothing to be lost, Your Sayings are
 Maxims of Conduct both in Peace and War:
 So a rich Country mountainous appears,
 And rough unto the first Discoverers;
 But in the progress of their search they find
 All that can gratifie the Sense or Mind.
 Fancy doth only on the Surface play,
 But Judgment pierceth with a deeper Ray:
 With genial warmth descends unto the root,
 Dilates the Branches, and matures the Fruit.
 Upon a train of observations built,
 Experience is Prudence double gilt.
 Then Passion is a Stranger to Your Breast,
 Is never there; or prudently suppress:
 Of Spirits that are mean, the puny Wrath
 Is a light Bubble, or a thicker Froth:
 But justly rous'd, the Anger of the Great
 Is not so turbulent as it is sweet.
 So when fierce *Neptune* in the Sea doth rave,
 The Ambergrease comes floating on the Wave.
 Altho' resentment sometimes should take place,
 You do suppress it all with Acts of Grace:
 Your Clemency doth let bold Rebels live,
 As You can conquer, so You can forgive.
 Kingdoms do rise to an imperial Sway,
 And then fall back by gradual decay:
 Force without Counsel brings them to the brink,
 They with their own unweildy burden sink:
 But Your Dominion shall continue long,
 So wisely laid, the Basis is so strong.
 All Sciences their ripe Perfection gain,
 Are calculated nicely for Your Reign.

New Stars are in the upper Regions found,
 And *Archimedes* can the Earth turn round.
 Your Judges are the Oracles of Law,
 They are all Lustre without any Flaw;
 Are the bright Jewels in Your Radiant Crown,
 And Arms must yield unto the learned Gown.
 Physick doth all its *Nostrums* now impart,
 It can't stretch farther than *Lysander's* Art;
 Who doth his skilfull Lenitives apply,
 And his good humor's half the Remedy:
 The vegetable Kingdom now is known,
 Arts immature before are fully blown.
 Musick unto the highest pitch is strain'd,
 And all the classick Authors are explain'd.
 The Pulpit is no longer hung with Chains,
 From passive Texts the servile Wretch abstains:
 Nor ties us down with Conscience to be Slaves,
 But Succour when himself's distress'd he craves.
 To a *non ultra* Valour You pursue,
 And rules of Conduct owing are to You:
 The roughest Obstacles You overcame,
 By steep Ascents have reach'd the top of Fame.
 Mankind that now is in reversion,
 Will scarce believe the acts that You have done;
 Like those who at portentous Comets gaze,
 Your History will instruct them, and amaze.
 Great *William's* Siege, and *Vaudemont's* Retreat
 Shall fire their Spirits with an emulous heat.
 Fortune who others makes her savage sport,
 Applauds His Courage, doth His Beauty court:
 When they shall read *Nassau* in every Page,
 They'll wish that they had liv'd in such an Age;
 Complain of Nature to them so unkind,
 To cast them in Posterity behind.
 The joyfull Senate doth *Augustus* meet,
 Which of consummate Wisdom is the seat.
 About their Planet they concentrick move,
 And are the bright Satellites to *Jove*.
London with Jubilee her King receives,
 His Triumphs should be cut in Bass-Relieves.
 Let *Gibbons* his *Corinthian* Image cast,
 Which time's corroding Venom may out-last.
 The Hero mounted on a flaming Steed
 Breathing forth Slaughter, with impatient Speed:
Rais'd

Rais'd to divert and terrifie the Sight,
 Who with his Paws anticipates the Fight:
 Finish'd by such a Master of his Trade,
 He's honour'd more than when a Consul made.
 Your great Metropolis doth never want
 Men, like their Buildings, very elegant:
 In Portico's of Commerce when they walk,
 The old *Lyceum* could not finer talk.
 In foreign Lands they first try how to thrive,
 And then return full loaded to the Hive.
 The *Thames* like *Tagus* in a wealthy Flood
 Mixeth Alliances with noble Blood:
 And great *Nassau* with his Balsamick Peace,
 Their Rights will not detract from, but encrease.
 With the *Britannick*, now the *Bourbon* Stars
 Combine in Amity to extinguish Wars.
 The Roses with the Lillies now shall spread,
 Make a Complexion with their White and Red:
 And their Perfumes united now shall yield,
 A Fragrancy to the delicious Field.
 Let now the sharp Antagonists be mute,
 And silence every harsh, morose Dispute.
 They squeamishly at first refus'd the Test,
 But did at last comply for interest.
 This hath their dull, affected Scruples clear'd,
 The heavy Creatures cut and interfer'd:
 But now that gilded Harness them doth brace,
 They all are brought unto an ambling pace.
 From *Pompey's* unto *Cesar's* side did turn,
 When that *Ucalegon* so near did burn:
 Let now the Oath which they so coyly took,
 With an oblique and a regretting look,
 Their Sowness with soft *Anodynes* allay,
 And all the bilious humour purge away.
 Let now some adequate and happy Pen,
 Record the bravest and the best of Men.
 All Authors joyn'd should his *Encomiums* write,
 Not lash with Scorpions, nor with Saryres bite:
 Thus in a Chorus of Seraphick Love,
 Our Heaven below shall rival that above.
 To *Mecha* Pilgrims bigotted repair,
 To see a Tomb suspended in the Air:
 Where lies enclos'd the Forger of their Law,
 Which powerfull Load-stones to the middle draw:

Thus

Thus blest to wilfull darkness they're confin'd,
 Tho' they with Superstition first were blind :
 So I great *Britain* only wish'd to see
 From foreign as from civil Discords free.
 Let *Damon* now, who on my Bosom lies,
 With *Janus* Temple shut my longing Eyes.
 All other Objects after will annoy,
 Let me expire in the *Olympick* Joy.
 But first with Incense I will Heaven invoke,
 Thick as the Clouds it meets with, let it smoke :
 Let these, when I shall feel the Pangs of Death,
 Be the last Accents of my dying Breath ;
 May long and very prosperous be the Days
 Of Great *Nassau*, whom all the World doth praise ;
 To make the Nation happy he did save,
 Before his Laurels bend him to the Grave.
 Let florid health keep in Your vital Fire,
 That of Three Kingdoms with it must expire :
 Like *Atlas*, You sustain the weighty Ball,
 With its Protector *Christendom* must fall.
 Myriads of Lives with Yours enfolded lie,
 Their Threads are twisted with Your Destiny ;
 Let all Conspiracies abortive die. }
 When You must yield unto impartial Fate,
 (But let it be deferr'd and very late)
 You shall in Heaven enjoy a lasting Calm,
 With Robes of Light, and a Triumphant Palm.

